The Ould Plaid Shawl

DEDICATED TO
“Gretta” Hovenden Halvey.

WORDS BY
Francis A. Fahy.

MUSIC BY
William F. Glancy.

“A little Irish Callin in an ould plaid shawl.”
By permission of Mrs. Margaret M. Halvey, Philadelphia.

Copyright, 1895, by William F. Glancy.

PUBLISHED BY
C. H. Kimball,
Manchester, N. H.
THE OULD PLAI DI SHAWL.

Words by FRANCIS A. FAHY. Music by WILLIAM F. GLANCY.

Tempo di Valse.

1. Far, far from old Kin-vaa-ra, on a drear De-cem-ber day——Came a
2. Oh yes! the witch-ing smile of her that might a ser-aph win!——The
3. Tho’ I’ve al-ter’d all my no-tions since the dear old dis-tant days,——And

mes-sage and a pic-ture from a free land far a-way.——Oh,
two bright beam-ing eyes of her, the dim-ple on her chin,——The
I laugh at life’s il-lu-sions as I walk the world’s ways,——One

Copyright 1895 by William F. Glancy.
eagerly I opened it, and who was it at all, But my
clustering curls caressingly that o'er her fair brow fall, My
sweet, fresh, fragrant memory I still love to recall; 'Tis my

little Irish Call-in in her ould plaid shawl. Yes the
little Irish Call-in in her ould plaid shawl. Oh, then,
little Irish Call-in in her ould plaid shawl. God

darling little Call-in of my thoughts and of my dreams I
welcome little Call-in, to my hearth and to my home! 'Tis
bless you little sweetheart, and God guard you every hour From

The Guld Plaid Shawl. 3
gave my heart to long ago in Ireland "of the streams," The
you that's kind to come to me o'er miles of ocean foam. And I've
youth's bewitching beauty-bud to womanhood's fair flow'r, 'Till
very face, the very grace, that took my soul in thrall Of the
kept a cozy corner in my heart, and no wise small, Where I'll
cometh one, some-day, whose pride 'twill be what e'er be-fall, To
little Irish Cailin in her o'uld plaid shawl.
place the little Cailin in her o'uld plaid shawl.
find his life's best treasure 'neath your o'uld plaid shawl.

The Ould Plaid Shawl. 3